

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Secret of the Tides"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO everybody! Here's a yarn that can be told now, for a long time it was a secret. Frederick V. Fell of Bronx, N. Y., is spinning the yarn for us and he's letting it out of the bag now because—well—I guess it's because Fred has grown too old to be spanked by this time, so it doesn't make much difference who knows it.

Fred says he can't trot out any adventure story laid in some glamorous place like India, or North Africa, but he sure had a honey of a thrill once out at Rockaway beach. And as a matter of fact, I'd just as soon have a yarn from Rockaway as I would from Rio or Rhodesia. For as Fred says, it isn't where it happens, but what happens, that counts. So here she comes—and hold onto your hats.

Fred was just fourteen years old when, in 1924, his folks rented a cottage at Rockaway for the summer. Fred and his brother Harvey had never been around the water much before that, but they made up for lost time. They spent every spare minute in the big drink, and in two weeks both of them had learned to swim.

It was about that time that a strong blow set in from seaward and the ocean began to kick up and get rough. Fred's parents, playing safe, took to bathing in Jamaica bay, about twenty blocks inland from the ocean, and Fred and his brother Harvey did the same. It was shortly after that that Fred's cousins from the city came down one Sunday morning, and they hadn't been there ten minutes before all four of those kids were in their bathing suits and on their way to the bay.

Caught in a Death-Dealing Riptide!

Near the point where Fred and Harvey always went in swimming was a long pier with a diving board on the end of it. They had never used that pier before, because mother and dad had forbidden them to swim around it. But this Sunday Fred wanted to show off his newly acquired proficiency at swimming before his city cousins, and with a yell of, "Last



The pier kept getting farther away every second.

man in is a monkey's uncle," he ran down the pier, onto the diving board and out into the water, with Harvey right behind him.

"We both came up nicely about a yard apart," Fred says, "and turned around to swim back to the pier. And then my heart stopped beating! That pier was about a hundred yards away and it kept getting farther away every second. In that same moment we both knew what had happened. We had jumped into a racing, surging rip-tide that was sweeping us out into the deepest part of the bay and toward Broad channel."

The tide was carrying them out at express-train speed and only a man who has been caught in one can realize how powerful a rip-tide can be. For a few seconds the kids drifted, and then they began trying to swim back. "But bucking that tide was like trying to dam a flood with a matchstick," Fred says. "Harvey and I tried to join hands and hold each other up, but in another minute we were torn apart and drifting away from each other. Harvey shouted to me to turn over on my back and float, but I didn't know how to float. Treading water madly, I started shouting for help."

Lucky Fred Encounters Real Hero.

Away off in the distance, Fred could see people dashing about excitedly. One man ran swiftly along the pier Fred had just left, and jumped off the end. Swimming strongly and swept along by the tide he slowly caught up to Fred, and as he came up, Fred was almost in hysterics, crying, "Save me, mister—save me!"

That fellow was a good swimmer and a resourceful man. He told Fred to put his hands on his back and kick the water. "I did this," Fred says, "and he set off diagonally toward shore, fighting the tide with tremendous effort. Meanwhile, my cousins on shore had not been idle. Yelling like mad they ran down the beach until they came to a rowboat with two girls sitting in it. The girls launched the boat and, rowing with the tide, soon picked up my brother. My rescuer changed his course and made for the boat, and soon we too were pulled in. The three of us who had been in the water lay on the boat bottom, breathless and exhausted, but apparently safe. The girls started to row back."

But do you notice how Fred says APPARENTLY safe? The truth was that they weren't out of trouble yet, by a long shot. The girls started to row, but anybody who has rowed a boat against any kind of a tide at all knows it is no easy job. And here was one of those express-train tides carrying along a boat loaded down with five people. The girls made no headway at all. In fact, for every two feet they went forward they drifted back five. And ahead of them was the channel—and the ocean. "It began to look," says Fred, "as if that tide would be the winner after all—and this time with five victims instead of two."

Safe!—Six Miles From Starting Point.

But the man who had saved Fred wasn't the sort to give up easily. He was just about all in, but he pulled himself together. He grabbed one oar, while the two girls worked the other. Then all three of them started rowing frantically to beat that tide—to get the boat to shore before it could be swept out into the ocean and foundered by the roaring breakers.

Bit by bit they approached the shore, but at the same time they were approaching the channel too. They were practically in the shadow of the Broad Channel bridge, and not very far from the ocean when at last they got to shore. "And the spot where we landed," says Fred, "was a good six miles from Sixty-fourth street where Harvey and I had jumped into the bay."

And then came the solemn and secret oath. Fred says if his folks had ever found out what happened they'd have quit the seashore that same night. And I've got a sneakin' hunch that maybe Fred and Harvey might have got a good licking for going off the end of that pier in defiance of parental orders. Anyway, everybody in the crowd, including the two city cousins, promised they'd never tell a word, and if Fred's ma and dad ever learn about it, it's because—well—because they read the Adventurers' club column, too.

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Body Must Have Salt

Perspiration is chiefly water, but it contains a fair amount of salt which is discharged from the body. The body is constantly absorbing salt and getting rid of it again, but the operation of absorption and discharge must be so balanced as to insure a regular quantity of salt in the body at all times. Salt is necessary for the body and lack of it may be serious. Human blood contains exactly the same amount of salt as sea water—unquestionable evidence that man originally came out of the sea, says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

About Noses

The nose that is squat or flat, or negro type, indicates an animal mind devoid of finer feelings. The nose that sags in the middle shows a similar nature, cruel and treacherous. Pointed noses are "sticky beaks," says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly. This applies to all sharp features. Like knives and spears, they penetrate. These subjects are objectionably inquisitive and are liable to read your letters if you leave them about. If the nose is long and thin as well it shows a narrow mind—sometimes found in the "religious hypocrite."

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST,
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute
of Chicago.
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Lesson for July 25

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 12:21-28.
GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself.—Deuteronomy 7:6.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Ready for the Journey.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Ready to Start Home.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How God Prepares a People.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Equipped for a New Era.

"Let my people go"—such was the word of the Lord to Pharaoh through Moses and Aaron. "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go"—thus hardened Pharaoh his heart. The issue was so drawn for one of the great struggles of history. On one side was a bold and mighty monarch with all the resources of the empire of Egypt, and on the other an unorganized multitude of slaves. No, wait, on the other side was Almighty God! The outcome was never in doubt and through the unspeakable horror of the plagues we come to consider the last of the ten, the death of the first-born, with which is joined the establishment of the Passover and the story of the night in which God prepared his people for their departure.

The Passover is of sufficient importance to justify careful study simply as the perpetual feast of Jews, but to the Christian it is also a most blessed and instructive type of Christ who is, according to Paul, "our passover" (I Cor. 5:7). Let no one who studies or teaches this lesson fail to point to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29).

I. A Lamb Slain (vv. 21).

The sacrifice appears, a gentle, submissive lamb, a male without blemish, which is separated for the giving of its life that the first-born in Israel might be saved.

Notice that God's instructions were explicit, and were to be obeyed if there was to be redemption. There are those in our day who would substitute any and every other method of salvation for God's revealed plan. They talk about character development, the redemption of the social order, peace and politics, and forget the Lamb of God.

II. A Blood Salvation (vv. 22, 23). The act of faith in marking the lintel and the doorposts with the blood, brought salvation to the families of Israel. Had they waited until they could reason out the philosophy of their promised redemption, or had they shrunk from the blood as they covering, their first-born would have been slain. It was when the destroying angel saw the blood that he passed over them.

Many there are in our time who speak disparagingly of the blood of Jesus Christ, but it is still the only way of redemption. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. 9:22).

It ill befits an age that is so blasé and sophisticated as ours to attempt to cover its dislike for God's way of redemption by suddenly becoming too cultured and sensitive to hear of the blood of the Lamb of God shed on Calvary's tree for our cleansing from sin.

III. A Perpetual Memorial (vv. 24-28).

God wants his people to remember. We, like Israel, are to remember the bondage from which we were delivered. Down through the ages the Jews have kept the Passover. Our Hebrew neighbors do it today. Let us honor them for their obedience to God's command and at the same time seek to point them to the One who is the true Passover, Jesus Christ.

IV. Christ Our Passover (I Cor. 5:7).

Let us add to the assigned lesson text this New Testament passage which speaks of our Lord Jesus Christ as "our passover . . . sacrificed for us."

The bondage in Egypt was terrible in its afflictions and sorrows, but far more serious is the bondage in which men find themselves under sin and the rule of Satan. Surely there is need of divine redemption, and there is none to bring it to us but the Lamb of God. He was the One who without spot or blemish (I Pet. 1:19) was able to offer himself in our behalf that in him we might find "redemption through his blood" (Eph. 1:7, Col. 1:14).

"Is the blood upon the house of my life? Is the blood upon the doorpost of my dwelling place? Have I put up against the divine judgment some hand of self-protection? Verily, it will be swallowed up in the great visitation. In that time nothing will stand but the blood which God himself has chosen as a token and a memorial. 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanse us from all sin' (Joseph Parker).

Daily Duties

"As the duty of every day requires." That is a simple rule. Let it be pondered well. Resolve when you awake that it shall be to some faithful purpose, and that your renovated powers shall be obedient to Him Who has renewed them. Let not the opportunity that is so fleeting and yet so full pass neglected away.—Frothingham.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Third Term Ballyhoo.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. —After a president has been re-elected it's certain that some inspired patriot who is snuggled close to the throne will burst from his cell with a terrible yell to proclaim that unless the adored incumbent consents again to succeed himself this nation is doomed.

Incidentally the said patriot's present job and perquisites also would be doomed, so he couldn't be blamed for privately brooding on the distressful thought. You wouldn't call him selfish, but you could call him hopeful, especially since there's a chance his ballyhoo may direct attention upon him as a suitable candidate when his idol says no to the proposition. He might ride in on the backwash, which would be even nicer than steering a tidal wave for somebody else.

Political observers have a name for this. They call it "sending up a balloon." It's an apt simile, a balloon being a flimsy thing, full of hot air, and when it soars aloft nobody knows where it will come down—if at all. It lacks both steering gears and terminal facilities.

There have been cases when the same comparison might have been applied not alone to the balloon but to the gentleman who launched it.

So let's remain calm. It's traditional in our history that no president ever had to go ballooning in order to find out how the wind blew and that no volunteer third-term boomer ever succeeded in taking the trip himself.

Modern Prairie Schooners.

WE'RE certainly returning—with modern improvements—to prairie schooner days when rest-les Americans are living on wheels and housekeeping on wheels. Only the other day twins were born aboard a trailer. And—who knows?—perhaps right now the stork, with a future president in her back, is flapping fast, trying to catch up with somebody's perambulating bungalow.

So it's a fitting moment to revive the story of early Montana when some settlers were discussing the relative merits of various makes of those canvas-covered arks which bore such hosts of emigrants westward. They named over the Conestoga, the South Bend, the Murphy, the Studebaker and various others.

From under her battered sunbonnet there spoke up a weather-beaten old lady who, with her husband and her growing brood, had spent the long years bumping along behind an ox team from one frontier camp to another.

"Boys," she said, shifting her snuff-stick, "I always did claim the old hickory waggon wuz the best one there is fur raisin' a family in."

Pugs Versus Statesmen.

IT'S confusing to read that poor decrepit Jim Braddock, having reached the advanced age of thirty-four or thereabouts, is all washed up, and then, in another column, to discover that leading candidates to supply young blood on the Supreme court bench are but bounding juveniles of around sixty-six.

This creates doubt in the mind of a fellow who, let us say, is quite a few birthdays beyond that engendered wreck, Mr. Braddock, yet still has a considerable number of years to go before he'll be an agile adolescent like some senators. He can't decide whether he ought to join the former at the old men's home or enlist with the latter in the Boy Scouts.

Quiescent Major Generals.

SOMETHING has gone out of life. For months now no general of the regular army, whether retired or detailed to a civilian job, has talked himself into a jam—a raspberry jam, if you want to make a cheap pun of it.

Maybe it's being officially gagged for so long while on active service that makes such a conversational Tessie out of the average brigadier when he goes into private pursuits and lets his hair down. It's as though he took off his tact along with his epaulettes. And when he subsides there's always another to take his place.

You see, under modern warfare the commanding officer is spared. He may lead the retreat, but never the charge. When the boys go over the top he is out in front waving a sword. Not so you'd notice it. By the new rules he's signing papers in a bombproof nine miles behind the lines and about the only peril he runs is from lack of exercise in the fresh air.

Maybe, in view of what so often happens when peace ensues, we should save on privates instead of generals.

IRVIN S. COBB.
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For Discriminating People



NOW is the time for all smart women to come to the aid of their wardrobes. Sew-Your-Own wants to lend a hand, Milady: hence today's trio of mid-summer pace makers.

At The Left.

A trim little reminder that careful grooming is an asset anywhere, anytime, is this frock. It features simplicity. Its forte is comfort. Make one version in cotton for all purpose wear, another of sports silk for dressy occasions.

In The Center.

Here you have a light and breezy ensemble that's the perfect attire for Society. It has cosmopolitan dash, refinement, and engaging charm. Once more you'll be the subject of complimentary tea table talk with your delightfully slender silhouette. Make it of sheer chiffon or more

durable acetate. You'll have a hit in either.

At The Right.

The little lady who likes unusual touches in her frocks will go for this new dress and pantie set. It has the chic of mommy's dresses plus a little-girl daintiness that is more than fetching. Wrap around styling makes it easy for even the tiniest girl to get into and it's quite a time saver on ironing day.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1237 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 35 inch material plus ¾ yard contrasting for collar.

Pattern 1333 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 7½ yards of 39 inch material. The dress alone requires 4½ yards. To line the jacket requires 2½ yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1322 is designed for

Household Questions

Browning Biscuits.—Biscuits can be given rich brown tops by brushing the tops with a pastry brush dipped in milk before placing them in the oven.

To Clean the Piano.—Use the suction cleaner to remove dust from the inside of the piano, and clean the keys with a soft cloth moistened with methylated spirit. Polish with a chamois leather.

Cooking Cabbage.—Cabbage should be cooked only until tender when tested with a fork. Too much cooking results in changed color and an indigestible product.

Heating the Oven.—Open the oven door for a minute soon after the gas has been lit and you will find that the oven will get hot much quicker. By doing so you let out the moisture that always collects when the oven is not in use.

Disagreeable Odor.—The smell of new paint has a very bad effect on some people. To minimize it, fill a pail of water and sprinkle in it some hay and one or two onions, freshly sliced. Stand this in a room newly painted, and much of the smell will be neutralized.

When Drawers Stick.—Black lead or black lead pencil rubbed on the edges of a drawer which has become swollen from heat will enable it to be opened and shut quite easily.

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sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 6 requires 3¼ yards of 35 inch material plus ½ yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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The CLUE of the COPPER SCREEN

MELVIN PURVIS FORMER ACE G-MAN
invites all boys and girls to become
SECRET OPERATORS

Melvin Purvis, former Ace G-Man who founded the Junior G-Man Corps, has formed a new organization—Melvin Purvis' Law-and-Order Patrol. Members are called Secret Operators. They have special codes, passwords, and special equipment. This story is taken from the secret files and published to prove that CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

Purvis is called in to investigate a mysterious jewel robbery at Harborview, the wealthy Tucker family estate. Purvis plans to plant two of his young Secret Operators, Laura and Jim, on the place as Mr. Tucker's niece and nephew, so they can hunt for clues without arousing suspicion . . .

AT THE TUCKER ESTATE
THIS WINDOW WAS FORCED, MR. PURVIS.
THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A SINGLE CLUE!
HMM—AND THE SCREEN WAS CUT.
LAURA AND JIM SEARCH DILIGENTLY FOR A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY. . . ONE DAY THEY APPROACH A SMALL SHACK ON A NEIGHBORING ESTATE WHERE MORETTA, THE GARDENER, KEEPS HIS TOOLS, AND . . .
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU! DON'T COME SNOOPING AROUND MY PLACE OR I'LL SHOOT YOU!
GEE HE'S MAD!
I WONDER WHY? LET'S COME BACK AND GIVE THAT SHACK THE ONCE-OVER WHEN HE LEAVES.

THAT NIGHT
THESE SHEARS I PICKED UP IN THERE HAVE FUNNY MARKS ON THEM, LAURA. LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF SHINY METAL ON THE BLADES.
LET'S TAKE THEM TO MR. PURVIS.
NOW THAT WE'VE PUT MORETTA WHERE SHEARS WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD, THE TUCKER JEWELS ARE SAFE. LET'S ALL ENJOY A BIG BOWL OF POST TOASTIES.
POST TOASTIES SURE TASTE GOOD AFTER ALL THAT EXCITEMENT, MR. PURVIS.
YOU BET!

The Metal Detector shows when 2 pieces of metal come from the same original piece. It showed Purvis that the metal on the shears came from the copper screen in the Tucker home.

NEXT MORNING—IN MORETTA'S SHACK
HAND 'EM OVER, MORETTA! YOUR BIG MISTAKE WAS FORGETTING TO SCRAPE THE COPPER OFF THOSE SHEARS AFTER YOU CUT THE SCREEN.
THE JEWELS!
WE WERE RIGHT, LAURA!

Boys and Girls!
BE A SECRET OPERATOR IN MY NEW LAW-AND-ORDER PATROL! GET MY NEW SECRET OPERATOR'S SHIELD AND MY SECRET OPERATOR'S MANUAL CONTAINING SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS. . . CODES AND PASSWORDS. . . SECRETS OF CRIME DETECTION. . . HOW TO WIN PROMOTION TO HIGHER RANKS. . . ALSO PICTURES OF ALL MY WONDERFUL FREE PRIZES! TO BE A SECRET OPERATOR, JUST SEND ME THE COUPON BELOW, WITH TWO RED POST TOASTIES PACKAGE-TOPS.

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